A Perfect Set-Up

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33514303.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Franklyn Froideveaux
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Size Difference, Size Kink, Mating Cycles/In Heat, heat sickness, Fake/Pretend Relationship, Mentions of Murder
Language:	English
Collections:	Hannigram A/B/O Big Bang 2021
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-27 Words: 16,430 Chapters: 7/7

A Perfect Set-Up

by purplesocrates

Summary

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'Well, the killer attacks single omega's usually after being seen with someone high profile, many of them psychiatrists, as I'm sure you're aware, Doctor. That's the MO.'
Will feels a sudden, very strong desire to run out of the room, maybe even the building.
'You would like us to be bait,' Hannibal states with a ghost of a smile that Will decides to ignore.
'Yes, quite frankly. You'd both be wearing a wire, and we'd have eyes on you at all times,' Jack explains to Hannibal, who is now actually smiling. 'I thought this would be a good move and also allows us to keep an eye on you Doctor, after all, he may escalate to hurting alpha's,' Jack reasons. 'At this stage, all we're asking is that you have dinner.'
'I'm sure we can manage that,' Hannibal says, looking at Will with a smirk that makes Will blush bright red.

Notes

Please enjoy the lovely art by rotten tiger and give them some love on Twitter.

See the end of the work for more notes

A Perfect Set Up

Chapter Summary

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'Well, yes, you're known in the social scene, and we need an Alpha and an Omega who are currently… unattached, and an alpha psychiatrist who is well known in social circles,' Jack says evenly.

Will sits up and adjusts his glasses. 'To do what?'

'Well, the killer attacks single omega's usually after being seen with someone high profile, many of them psychiatrists, as I'm sure you're aware, Doctor. That's the MO.'

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'I'm sure we can manage that,' Hannibal says, looking at Will with a smirk that makes Will blush bright red.

Jack is late. This briefing should have started half an hour ago. Will fidgets, adjusting his glasses, before looking over at Hannibal, sitting composed next to him, in that effortless way the alpha has, which always ends up making Will want to slap him. He longs to be that self-assured, as opposed to feeling as if he is one inch away from crawling out of his skin and slithering away. He sighs again, and Hannibal gives him that cool, calm, collected smile that enrages but also calms his Omegan insecurities.

'Sorry I'm late,' Jack says, finally appearing in his office.

'Not a problem Jack,' Hannibal says smoothly, and Will just about manages not to roll his eyes.

Jack sits down behind the desk and clasps his hands together. 'I need a favour from both of you.'

Will looks at Jack and can hear from his voice that he won't like this. 'What?' Will groans.

Jack gives him a look that makes all the cadets in training piss themselves but makes Will just roll his eyes. 'You are the only single omega agent with field training and experience of the case, and Hannibal is as high profile as we can manage at such short notice.'

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'No,' Will states and gets up and walks out.

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Will only makes it about halfway down the hallway before Hannibal's smooth voice calling his name reaches his ears. He stops but doesn't turn. Instead, he waits for Hannibal to reach him. He waits for that soft, gentle hand to be placed on his shoulder, and his name repeated a little closer to his ear. Then he turns and faces the alpha. A neutral expression greets him.

'This isn't a good idea,' Will says.

‘I don’t see the harm. It could save lives,’ Hannibal reasons. ‘Why does this make you so uncomfortable?’

‘I just don’t think it will work,’ Will is sure it won’t work. The perp is much too smart to fall for this. One look at the two of them together, and surely the guy will realise it’s a setup.

Will isn’t sure there have ever been two more mismatched people. Except for their compatible biology, they’ve nothing in common.

‘Why?’

‘Hannibal. Would you ever date anyone like me? Honestly.’

‘Are you saying you’d never date anyone like me?’

Will sighs. Hannibal always does this- answers a question with a question. Classic therapist move. ‘We’re not exactly each other's type.’

‘What do you think my type is?’

‘Not me,’ Will says and laughs.

‘And your type isn’t me?’ Hannibal says, and if Will didn’t know any better, he would think Hannibal sounds hurt.

‘We’re just not believable as a couple,’ Will reasons.

‘Jack seems to think otherwise.’

‘He just wants to catch the guy.’

‘Don’t you?’

‘Of course.’

‘Then we should do this.’

Will frowns. ‘It won’t work.’

‘Perhaps, but surely it can’t hurt to try?’

‘I guess not.’

Hannibal smiles, and Will cannot help but mirror the gesture. ‘I’ll let Jack know the good news.’

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Finally, at home, dogs walked and fed, all now snoozing by the fire, Will contemplates his phone. He should call Matthew. He should get laid. He would feel so much better. He just can't quite bring himself to. Normally Will loves sex; he loves to have hookups with Matthew. They are always fun, a little kinky and always satisfying. He's never been afraid to ask for what he wants when it comes to satisfying himself. Yet, ever since he met Hannibal, if he's honest, the thought of Matthew and his marathon sex sessions seem less appealing. He has a few other options, numbers saved of alphas and some omegas he's been with when he wants something different. None of it appeals.

His thoughts wander to this sting they are setting up. The way Hannibal had seemed very keen. Hannibal is a thoroughbred alpha, and of course, Will is attracted to that aspect of him. How could he not be? But, Hannibal is not his type. He knows he's not Hannibal's. How could he be? Although, he does sometimes find Hannibal looking at him, and the alpha touches Will a lot more than perhaps is normal for a friend. Still, he cannot imagine anything ever happening between them.

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Now they are sitting in a candlelit restaurant- a swat team on standby, with wires on. How romantic, Will thinks with a smirk. Hannibal does look good, though, damn him, but then he always does. Will has tried his best, again with the help of Bev, who had chosen his outfit for him, and made sure he attempted to style his hair. Will is finding this whole situation exhausting. He never goes on real dates, let alone fake ones where he may get murdered halfway through. Let alone with Hannibal, of all people, the alpha who is so put together and must think of Will as a disaster. Even worse, he's trying to look like a confident omega, the kind that would go on a proper date. Will is acutely aware he's fooling no one. He's good at bars, one-night stands and fuck buddies. He thought he could handle this but, right now, with Hannibal sat opposite him and his heat so close, he's definitely out of his depth.

There's wine, at least. Hannibal insisted, and once they sat down, there wasn't a lot Jack could do but say something disapproving in their ears. Hannibal had pointed out this was supposed to be a date, and there's usually wine on dates. Will is now sipping the exquisite red wine Hannibal had ordered and licking his lips.

'So, Will, what was the last date you went on?' Hannibal asks smoothly.

Will grimaces as he genuinely cannot remember. 'I actually can't remember it's been a very long time.'

Hannibal smiles. 'Work must keep you busy.'

'Yes, but I've also been told that I should date more, at least try to think about a partner. Apparently, I scare people,' Will replies. Bev always tells him he needs to get out more, be more social- the whole dog hoarding hermit look is not sustainable if he ever wants a relationship, as opposed to random hookups in bars every few months. He never commits. He

never dates. The idea of a relationship, just too disruptive. The closest thing he has to a “relationship” is Matthew, and that’s not exactly exclusive or stable. He likes Matthew well enough, but only as much as you can like someone you don’t really speak to, just fuck and then wish goodnight. The man has never even stayed over at Will’s.

'Well, I’m glad they encouraged you.' Hannibal has a genuine smirk on his face, enjoying this far too much. 'I hope that you are too.'

Will decides to ignore that last comment for the moment. 'I’m sure you’re the same. Being a doctor must keep you busy. When was the last time you went on a date?' Will asks, thinking that Hannibal, he’s sure, has a revolving door of options all more appealing than Will.

'Indeed, even since I have given up surgery, I still find my days are full. Not much time for dating. It’s also been a while for me.' Hannibal elegantly lifts the stem of his wine glass and takes a sip. Will finds he’s enraptured with this gesture and is also surprised that he feels Hannibal may well be telling him the truth.

I'm sure you’ve had many offers,' Will scoffs, unable to believe Hannibal doesn’t have a multitude of options. ‘I was surprised you didn’t have an omega already that you’d be worried about.’

Hannibal places his glass down gently and shakes his head. ‘No, no-one special for some time now. I’m not everyone’s taste. People can find me… intimidating.'

Will can believe that. Everything about Hannibal screams taste and sophistication, the man has high standards in every aspect of his life, so it stands to reason that whoever the alpha decides to share it with would have to meet them. Still, Will finds it hard to believe that Hannibal’s pedigree would put many off. Surely most would be turned on by it.

'I’m sure they’re attracted, though, even if intimidated?'

Hannibal smiles sincerely, and it catches Will off guard for a moment as the alpha lowers his head slightly and whispers, 'yes, but attraction is not always enough.’ Hannibal leans closer, voice even quieter now. ‘I’m hard to swallow.'

Will is one hundred percent sure that Hannibal cannot mean what Will is thinking.

He assumes an alpha of Hannibal’s breeding would be large, of course, but the alpha cannot be so large as to put people off? Just how big is he? Will feels an intrigued flush on his cheeks, and he wants to ask more but is prevented from further interrogation as the food arrives. Will smiles as he watches the critical eye Hannibal casts over his food. ‘You look as if you have a few suggestions for the chef.'

‘Perhaps, yes,' Hannibal responds with barely concealed disdain for the food presented to him, making Will laugh. The last few meals he’s eaten at Hannibal’s have been amazing. 'I would very much enjoy cooking for you again if you feel a second date would be in order.'

Will smiles 'the night is young, who’s to say.'

Hannibal beams at that, making Will blush. He decides to distract himself by looking around the restaurant to see if there's anyone suspicious. As he does this, Hannibal begins to eat his food, seemingly not bothered at all by the potential perilousness of their situation. If anything, Hannibal seems more relaxed than usual. Will cannot see anyone, and he's not sure this was ever going to work. He sighs and decides just to eat his food. The sooner they're done with this ridiculous charade, the better.

'Doctor Lecter,' says a short, larger man with quaffed hair, eyes small but bright, who appears at their table. 'I see you must read the same culinary reviews as I.'

Will can tell the man is an omega, an older one, clearly single and a little lost. It makes Will feel bad. Then he realises that's what most people think when they meet him, and he frowns.

At the sight of him, Hannibal stiffens. This reaction is intriguing to Will, as Hannibal is always unfailingly polite and open to everyone. Hannibal looks irritated. It's a look that is a little adorable on the usually stoic alpha.

'Franklyn,' Hannibal says evenly.

'Who is this guy?' Jack asks in their ears.

Will decides to find out, even though the man utterly ignores him and only has eyes for Hannibal. 'Are you a friend of the doctors?' Will asks.

The man reluctantly, if Will is correct, looks at him and smiles. A forced smile.

'A patient actually,' Franklyn says, looking back at Hannibal. 'But, I hope, also a friend.'

Hannibal smiles, but it doesn't reach his eyes. It's the same polite smile Hannibal uses when Zeller says something obnoxious at the lab. Will coughs to hide a laugh.

'We can discuss this at our next session, Franklyn. I'm sure you have someone you should be getting back to,' Hannibal says, his voice firm. 'Will and I have some business to discuss.'

Franklyn looks crestfallen, and Will feels bad for the guy.

'Of course, my apologies. I just didn't want to seem rude having spotted you.'

'I appreciate the gesture, Franklyn. Have a good evening,' Hannibal says, and the man, red-faced, leaves.

'Who was that?' Will asks.

'A patient I'm thinking of referring. Harmless, just a little lonely.'

'Poor guy,' Will says.

'Let's hope there are no more interruptions,' Jack says.

‘Actually, it should work in our favour. The man is an insufferable gossip. Word will spread now,’ Hannibal says with a smile that makes Will blush and carry on eating his food.

‘That’s good,’ Jack says. ‘If you want to cut it short, you can?’

‘No,’ Hannibal says, and Will sighs. ‘I think continuing would be better.’

‘Alright,’ Jack says, we will carry on monitoring you.

'You don’t have to,' Will whispers, and Hannibal smiles that genuine smile again. ‘You must have better things to do than pretend to be on a date with me.’

‘We are attempting to catch a killer.’ Hannibal leans forward and whispers, ‘There are few things more worthy, don’t you think?’

Will feels like gulping. ‘I guess it’s just this whole thing is a little ridiculous,’ he says, but if he didn’t know any better, he'd think Hannibal really wanted this to be an actual date.

Hannibal sits back and smiles. ‘If it makes you uncomfortable, we could just think of it as another conversation. After all, we have had many, have we not?’

‘I suppose,’ Will says. ‘If it makes you more comfortable.’

‘I’m always comfortable in your presence, Will. I just wish you would allow yourself to relax a bit more in mine.’

‘That would require me to relax,’ Will says, only half-joking.

‘Let me ask you a question, then, to make it more like our usual meetings,’ Hannibal says, and Will nods. ‘If this were a real date, what would you be doing? What do your usual dates entail?’

Will laughs and drinks more wine even though it’s making his head feel pleasantly fuzzy.

‘That would require me to have a usual date,’ Will admits.

‘You do not date then?’ Hannibal says, and Will thinks he sounds surprised.

‘Not, as a rule, no.’

‘I find that surprising.’

‘You do!’ Will says, surprised that Hannibal had given this much thought.

‘Yes, I would’ve thought you’d have many opportunities.’

‘There are people I see, but I don’t date. If I did, I doubt it would be at a place like this.’

‘The setting here, it makes you uncomfortable?’

‘It’s not my usual style.’

‘Perhaps if Jack clears it, we could have dessert at my house? Would you agree to that?’

‘Yes,’ Jack’s voice sounds. ‘It would make it more convincing if Will went back, perhaps stayed the night?’

‘You would be more than welcome,’ Hannibal says, and if Will didn’t know any better, he would say the alpha looked pleased.

‘I guess so,’ Will says. He’s eager to leave this place and any staring eyes.

‘Can you call Alana?’ he says to Jack in his ear. ‘Tell her to take my dogs to her place.’

‘Already done,’ Jack says, and Will is starting to suspect that if it wasn’t for all the dead omega’s, Jack is trying to matchmake.

‘Perfect,’ Hannibal says, and Will sighs.

A Dessert to Remember

Chapter Summary

Will follows Hannibal's perfectly detailed Bentley back to his intimidatingly clean and flawless house. Will has been here a few times before, so he shouldn't feel nervous, yet he does this evening more so than usual. They are just friends, having conversations, as Hannibal would say. Nothing has changed. Yet, something is bubbling in the bottom of his stomach, something that, if he didn't know any better, could be excitement. Thankfully the drive is a short one. Much longer would mean he would have more time to think about all the thoughts swirling around his mind. Once inside, Will stands in front of the counter while Hannibal places some wonderfully smelling chocolate dessert from his infinite resources into the oven to warm through and rise. Will's kitchen is mostly filled with tinned food, rice, with a freezer full of fish. He's not sure he could create any kind of meal for someone else with no notice, let alone this decadent smelling divinity Hannibal is concocting.

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He tries, unsuccessfully, to not stare at Hannibal's forearms as the alpha whisks cream into the melted chocolate. Hannibal has rolled up the sleeves of his crisp white shirt and, despite Will believing it to be impossible, has not managed to splash a single thing on the blank canvas that would, on anyone else, be a stain magnet.

'Is there anything I can do to help?' Will offers, feeling useless as he shuffles from one foot to another.

'Not a thing,' Hannibal insists, then looks at Will, frowns and seems to realise that Will would love something to do. 'There's a bottle of Montrachet I have decanted on the side in the pantry. Perhaps you could grab that and two large red wine glasses?'

Will smiles and is relieved to have a task. He goes to the immaculate pantry, where a wide-base glass decanter is filled with a dark red liquid. Will leans over the opening and breathes

in the earthy smell. He looks up at the rows of glasses and finds the large, wide, long-stemmed ones Hannibal uses when serving red wine. They gleam to such a polish he can see his pale reflection in them. Carefully he takes two by the stem and carries them and the decanter back to the kitchen. He places them all down on the counter as Hannibal opens the oven to put in the chocolate puddings.

‘Please feel free to pour us a glass each. It’s been breathing for long enough,’ Hannibal says.

‘When did you open it?’

‘Before I left for our… date.’

‘Hoping to get lucky?’ Will jokes, but Hannibal doesn’t reply, only smirks slightly. Will decides to distract himself once more by carefully pouring the wine into the glasses, while Hannibal gently heats the chocolate sauce on the hob. The smell of chocolate fills the kitchen as the sauce gently simmers, and the puddings rise in the oven. Will looks up from pouring the wine to find Hannibal removing some kind of bright sauce from his fridge.

‘Raspberry coulis, I had some left,’ Hannibal says as he places it down on the counter before reaching behind him for two plates and some spoons. Will sips the wine as he watches the muscles of Hannibal’s back move behind that crisp white shirt. He mustn’t get drunk. He reminds himself.

Hannibal peers into the oven and seems pleased with the result, and removes them from inside. He watches as Hannibal plates the puddings, putting a perfect curve of raspberry coulis before pouring hot chocolate sauce over the puddings.

‘Dark chocolate melt puddings with a raspberry rum coulis, topped with a chilli and cocoa sauce. Decadent but delicious,’ Hannibal announces.

The smell of it is drool-inducing, and Will hopes his salivating is not too obvious.

‘It looks and smells delicious,’ Will admits.

‘Please, bring the wine, and we can take a seat in the dining room.’

Will follows Hannibal through to the cobalt blue dining room with its luscious wall herb garden and lewd classical painting.

They sit in their usual configuration, opposite each other, as they eat the sumptuous desert Hannibal has prepared. As Will allows the chocolate to melt on his tongue, infusing his mouth with a multitude of pleasant sensations, he, once more, understands why Hannibal prefers his cooking to anyone else’s. Will thinks he might prefer Hannibal’s cooking to anyone else’s also. As the thought, dark sugars and wine take hold, so does a blush that he hopes Hannibal doesn't see in the limited lighting.

There’s a companionable silence as they eat. Something Will appreciates as it gives him time to catch his breath. These past few days seem to have gone by at the speed of a roller coaster for him. Bev and the team had bombarded him with suggestions about the date and how he

should behave to be a believable match for Hannibal. All of it had just sent Will's mind down a path he had purposefully been avoiding. How could he be a match for the alpha? They were so different, yet he couldn't help but feel drawn to him more with each conversation shared. Will had his suspicions that Hannibal wasn't all he seemed, but all that did was make the alpha more intriguing rather than make Will want to pull away. Plus, that comment Hannibal had made during dinner about being hard to swallow is echoing around Will's mind.

So here they are, not pretending to be on a date, eating in Hannibal's dining room as they have done countless times before, yet this was different. Something has changed, and he was pretty sure Hannibal knew it as much as he did.

'You know I have a theory that many of these murders are from jealousy,' Will says in an attempt to get the conversation going. 'A bit of, if I can't have you, no-one can.'

'Intriguing.'

'Can you think of any of your patients or acquaintances that would fit that kind of profile? I wonder if this guy has seen some of the psychiatrists that have been killed. Or at least knew them socially, perhaps tried it on, and then got rejected. What about that guy tonight, Franklyn?'

'Yes, he's a lonely soul. He longs for connection, for friendship, I believe, more than anything else. I'll admit I've had patients become a bit over-familiar, and he's one of them, but….' Hannibal pauses as if thinking something and then dismissing it. 'No, Franklyn is harmless, as I say, just lonely. He tries too hard.'

'Are you sure? He seems very smitten with you,' Will pushes.

'I agree, which is why I'll be referring him before he gets too familiar. But I can't imagine him harming anyone,' Hannibal says.

'You sure?'

'Yes, he's just lonely,' Hannibal says and carefully places his silver fork down on the plate, its tongs licked clean, before picking up the wine glass by the stem in that complicated arrangement of his delicate fingers that fascinates Will. After sipping and appreciating the wine, Hannibal places the glass back down and fixes Will with one of his looks. The look that makes Will feel as if he's the only person in the world. A look Will both hates and craves.

'What would your usual date be?' Will asks.

'What would you imagine it being?'

Will sighs. 'You know you've got a habit of answering a question with a question.'

'Do I?'

Will sighs again. 'Yes.'

'My apologies. Of course, but you also didn't answer, and I believe I asked first.'

‘As I said, I don’t date. You, though, must do.’

‘Must I?’

‘You’re doing it again.’

Hannibal laughs, and Will feels that bubbling in his stomach again.

‘Yes, I do occasionally date. Occasionally,’ Hannibal responds.

‘And? What do you do?’

‘I, too, don’t enjoy going out to eat. My cooking is my preferred way to eat, so I sometimes cook for them, or I’ll go to the opera or theatre perhaps.’

‘How do you decide which is what you want?’

‘Usually, it depends on whether they’re willing to attempt to be with me. If they can,’ Hannibal says and picks up his wine again.

Will, at first, doesn’t think he’s heard Hannibal correctly.

‘Those who... can?’

‘I’m, as I said, hard to take, in any capacity. My size can be… difficult for most.’

Will lets the information sink in for a moment.

‘You’re saying that you’re….’ Will’s eyes cast downwards. ‘Well-endowed?’

‘I’m larger than most, yes. I’ve found that many omegas cannot handle me.’

‘Handle you?’

‘They find me too big to suck and far too large to fuck,’ Hannibal says with a sigh. Will is a little shocked to hear Hannibal talk like that if he’s honest, yet, he also finds himself intrigued and if he’s honest, more than a little flustered. ‘Leaves me in a difficult position a lot of the time. I’m wary of approaching others.’

‘You approached me?’ Will remarks, trying to keep his tone even.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Well, we’ve been on a date, out, and now I’m in your house, and you’ve cooked for me.’

‘Indeed. I’ve cooked for you before,’ Hannibal reminds Will.

‘Yes, but we weren’t on a date.’

‘We were on a pretend date,’ Hannibal says. ‘You’ve made that clear.’

‘Did I?’

‘Yes, I believe so.’

Will is unsure now what this atmosphere is between them. The air is thicker, and he’s finding it hard to focus his thoughts. Hannibal is the only person he’s ever encountered who has managed to be unreadable to Will. It’s why he likes being around him; the unpredictable is quite refreshing. Also, Hannibal doesn’t usually expect anything from Will, however, right now, it’s as if the alpha does, and this is a whole new territory.

‘I’m sorry if I insulted you,’ Will eventually manages.

‘You never need to apologise to me, Will,’ Hannibal says and stands up, taking both their plates and making his way into the kitchen.

Will stands up and follows. He doesn’t want to mess this up. Hannibal is the first person in Will’s life who seems to understand him, and the thought of losing that connection is suddenly terrifying.

‘Hannibal, I feel as if I’ve upset you?’ he tries again. ‘The thought that I have is distressing.’

The alpha is busy cleaning off the dishes and putting them in the compact dishwasher.

Will makes his way closer and places a hand on Hannibal’s shoulder.

‘Please,’ Will says. ‘I know I can be difficult.’

Hannibal stops what he’s doing and turns to face Will. ‘I’m sorry if I was abrupt,’ Hannibal says, his face softening. ‘It’s just. I find it better to be upfront about these things.’

‘I agree. So, let me ask you, did you want this to be a … real date?’

‘Would that surprise you?’

Will stops breathing for a moment before finding some words. ‘Well… yes…’

Hannibal sighs and places his hand over Will’s. ‘I’m not sure why.’

‘Because you’re well…you… and I’m … me… we’re very different,’ Will says.

‘Are we?’

‘In many ways.’

‘I would disagree.’

‘Ok, so if this were a date,’ Will says, stepping closer. ‘What would happen next?’

‘Why are you asking?’

‘You’re doing it again,’ Will sighs. ‘Answering a question with a question.’

‘Alright, if I liked the person, I’d probably attempt to initiate some kind of intimate contact.’

‘You mean a kiss, you would try to kiss them, or me, or whoever it is we’re talking about.’

‘Yes.’

‘Alright,’ Will says, his legs are trembling now, and his eyes have wandered to Hannibal’s slightly wine-stained lips. The phrase “now or never” is on repeat in his mind.

‘Alright, what?’ Hannibal says, and Will can hear the slight falter in the alpha’s voice, and it gives him confidence.

‘Kiss me,’ Will hears himself say.

Hannibal smiles and moves the hand covering Will’s hand to the side of his face. The other arm slides around Will’s waist bringing him in closer. Will mirrors the gesture, and before he can take another breath, Hannibal is kissing him. The kiss is a revelation. He knew Hannibal would be a good kisser, some people, you know, just by looking at them that they’ll be good, but this, this is the best kiss he’s ever had. It’s slow, at first, soft and yielding, making all the good places in his body tingle with delight, then it’s a little more forceful, a little less controlled, a ghost of a murmur of a moan escapes Hannibal’s parted lips, and it makes Will shiver in anticipation.

They part, and Will smiles. ‘Now what?’

Nectar of the Alpha

Chapter Summary

> ‘Interesting,’ Will purs. ‘How many omegas have tried to suck you off in your kitchen?’ Will removes his hand from Hannibal’s face and slides it down to press against the alpha’s clothed, hard cock. The resulting moan is almost as delicious as the desert they just ate. ‘I imagine many have tried, many eager omega’s, hungry for you, but unable to satisfy.’
>
> ‘Is that what you are? An eager omega?’ Hannibal’s accent sounds as if it has been weighed down with gravel. It makes Will want to get on his knees even more than he did the moment Hannibal mentioned it.
>
> ‘Is that what you want me to be?’
>
> Hannibal smiles. ‘Now who is answering questions with questions.’
>
> Will presses his hand harder so that Hannibal is forced to take a step back and lean against the counter. ‘Is it? Tell me.’

‘Hmm…?’ Hannibal whimpers as Will smiles.

‘What would happen now?’ Will asks.

‘If the kiss were… good, I’d want more… I’d hope for more….’

‘More?’

‘Yes, whatever they could give me, it can be difficult for them to take all of me, as I said.’

Will grins. ‘I think I could manage. Have you thought about me?’

‘Yes, many times,’ Hannibal admits, and Will cannot help but smile.

‘How?

‘Many ways, many scenarios, but I have to admit, here in the kitchen has been one of them. I always liked the thought of you on your knees, your mouth on me, if you could.’

Will grins then. He can’t believe he heard that correctly. He can feel the alpha’s enthusiastic and very large arousal pressing against him, yearning to be released from those well-tailored suit pants.

‘Interesting,’ Will purs. ‘How many omegas have tried to suck you off in your kitchen?’ Will removes his hand from Hannibal’s face and slides it down to press against the alpha’s clothed, hard cock. The resulting moan is almost as delicious as the desert they just ate. ‘I imagine many have tried, many eager omega’s, hungry for you, but unable to satisfy.’

‘Is that what you are? An eager omega?’ Hannibal’s accent sounds as if it has been weighed down with gravel. It makes Will want to get on his knees even more than he did the moment Hannibal mentioned it.

‘Is that what you want me to be?’

Hannibal smiles. ‘Now who is answering questions with questions.’

Will presses his hand harder so that Hannibal is forced to take a step back and lean against the counter. ‘Is it? Tell me.’

‘Yes, god yes,’ Hannibal admits in a breathless whisper.

‘How else have you imagined me? Where else have you imagined me on my knees?’ Will leans in closer, one hand still pressed against Hannibal’s cock, heat permeating the fabric, his other on Hannibal’s cheek. His thumb brushes the alpha’s lips.

‘In my office,’ Hannibal breathes, Will can feel the words hot on his thumb. ‘At my desk, waiting, wanting.’ Will closes his eyes and hums at the image. On his knees, while Hannibal works, waiting for the alpha to allow him access. His cock aches as the fog of his arousal increases. ‘You’d like that?’ Hannibal asks, his voice dripping with a wanton hope.

Will opens his eyes and presses a chaste kiss against Hannibal’s lips and his thumb. ‘Yes, very much,’ he admits.

‘Show me. Be my eager omega,’ Hannibal growls, and Will sinks to his knees as Hannibal grasps the counter.

Will reaches up with slightly shaky hands and goes to undo the fly of Hannibal’s pants. Hannibal stops him, and he looks up at the alpha.

‘I’m very large, most omegas, most alphas, too, they can’t manage it. If you can’t, if you don’t want, I’ll understand.’

He undoes the fly of Hannibal’s pants, pulling them down to reveal well-fitting boxers. The sight of what awaits underneath the fabric, a very large cock, dampness leaking at the tip, makes Will whimper.

He kisses the boxers' fabric, licking all around the shape of the alpha’s huge cock. Hannibal moans, and Will feels him thrust his hips forward as the alpha leans his head back. He reaches up to the waistband of the boxers and slowly rolls them down to reveal his prize. Hannibal’s very well-endowed alpha cock springs to life as cold air hit's the shaft, the alpha gasps, and Will places one hand on Hannibal’s hip. He uses the other to steady the alpha's flinching cock, licking and sucking the tip as it leaks precum.

‘I can, and god, I want to,’ Will says, and Hannibal moans, leaning back, gripping the counter.

Will feels as if he’s supping the nectar of the gods with every hot drip of cum that he tastes. He moans and opens his mouth, taking just the first inch into his mouth, making sure his lips gently roll along the hot, hard flesh of Hannibal’s erect alpha cock.

Hannibal is whimpering now, and the sound of it makes Will want to devour the alpha there and then, but he also wants to savour this. He doesn’t want this to be quick, as he imagines all the other omegas were. He wants to show Hannibal how much better he is than all the others before him.

He sucks and kisses another inch, loosening his jaw and swirling his tongue, wanting to show Hannibal he can take all of him in. Will is very good at this. He has taken on many a large cock before, not as big as this, but he knows what he’s doing. He also loves doing this. He’s an omega who was born to suck cock, and he’s not ashamed of it. Hannibal’s hip is trembling, and Will looks up through his eyelashes at the alpha, who is looking down in awe at Will. God, Will thinks, he wants Hannibal to look at him like that forever.

‘Will,’ Hannibal growls again, and Will takes even more of him in.

Now concentrating on his task, Will licks and sucks so that the alpha is dripping with the omega's saliva and his own precum. Will continues as slowly as he can, torturing Hannibal with pleasure. He takes inch by inch of him inside the cavern of his mouth, swirling his tongue, occasionally, gently, scraping his teeth. Hannibal seems to like the teeth and hands are soon in Will’s hair grasping and pulling at the strands. Unable to control himself, Will lets out a moan as Hannibal pulls his hair. The moan reverberates along the shaft of Hannibal’s cock, causing an echoing whimper to be released by the alpha. Will wants Hannibal to thrust into him, make him gag, make his eyes water. He knows, he’s been told, that he looks beautiful when his eyes are a little glassy.

Almost at Hannibal’s burgeoning knot now, he begins to slide and suck with more force, making himself gag. Hannibal takes this as encouragement and gently thrusts his hips. Will relaxes, squeezes Hannibal’s hip, and lets go of the base of the alpha’s cock so that the whole length is in his mouth and down his throat. Hannibal groans and thrusts into Will’s relaxed, stretched mouth.

The end of the alpha’s cock hits the back of his neck and slides down his throat, and back out again. Will gags but breathes through his nose as the grip in his hair gets tighter.

Everything in the world narrows to just this. The cold, hardwood floor beneath his knees, Hannibal’s tight grip in his hair, the bounce of the alpha’s cock as it pushes in and out and of Will’s abused mouth. His jaw aches, he can barely breathe, his own cock is leaking, and his hole is dripping, slick pools in his underwear staining through to his jeans.

Will doesn’t care. He thinks about having the alpha's massive cock in his hole, and he aches even more. Will knows he’ll soon come, adding more hot, wet liquid to his underwear, but he doesn’t care. Nothing matters. Nothing matters but the sound of his alpha’s pleasure above him.

Hannibal is moaning, whimpering the words omega, and his name, Will, with every few gasps. It makes Will want to stay here for the rest of his life. The alpha seems to sense that Will is going to come. His scent is probably heavy in the air. He pulls Will from his cock, holding him by his hair, saliva and precum leak from his mouth.

‘Come for me, Will, beautiful omega,’ Hannibal whimpers, and Will can do nothing but comply. He comes loudly and obscenely in his jeans. Moaning and gasping, his cheeks shine with embarrassment and pleasure at coming untouched, fully dressed on his knees.

Before Will can get his breath back, Hannibal pushes him back onto his cock and begins to thrust harder and faster. Will is delirious. His whole body is vibrating with his orgasm as yet more hot, slick leaks from him. He knows Hannibal can smell it because he can too. Both their scents make a heady mix in the air between them. The alpha is relentless now, and his hips sharply thrust, that huge cock hitting the back of Will’s neck with precision. He chokes and gags, tears fall from his eyes, and he moans. His spent, tiny omegan cock flinches painfully in the pool of seed and slick in his underwear.

When Hannibal does come, it hits the back of Will’s neck with a burning force. Spurt after overwhelming spurt leaks from the alpha’s cock, Will’s mouth is soon overflowing with the alpha’s seed. He swallows as much as he can in the limited space he has in his throat. What he can taste is divine- the rest leaks and dribbles excessively down his chin. He must look a debauched mess, but when he manages to look up at Hannibal through blurry lusty tear laden eyes, he can see that Hannibal is not faring much better. The alpha’s eyes look hungry, predatory. His lips are parted to reveal fangs pointed and sharp, his skin is flushed, and sweat beads on his forehead. Will never imagined the alpha could look so undone.

‘Can you take my knot too, Will?’ Hannibal asks, that accent even heavier.

Will moans, opening himself up even more, leaning his head back. He slides his lips forward, pressing against the alpha’s now very swollen knot. He wants to take it, he wants to be filled to bursting, but he’ll need Hannibal’s help. The alpha grasps a handful of Will’s hair and pushes his head, so the omega’s lips are forced over his knot. Will is overwhelmed. He cannot breathe at all now, not even through his nose. He is pressed up against Hannibal’s crotch, breathing in the musty, arousing scent of the alpha. All he can taste and feel is yet more cum leaking and choking him as Hannibal holds him against his knot. The pressure of the engorged flesh against his mouth is painful, so hot it burns. He’s going to pass out, and he wills himself not to. He doesn’t want to disappoint his alpha. He concentrates hard as another orgasm wracks Hannibal, cum floods his mouth once more.

‘One more, omega, can you take a little more?’ Hannibal’s voice grounds him, and he focuses on it. The alpha pulls Will almost completely off his cock. A small amount of air gets in Will’s lungs before Hannibal thrusts all the way harshly in and out, in and out, before finally coming once more down Will’s already full throat.

Finally, Will is released, and he looks up at Hannibal, swallowing the rest of the cum. He licks his lips and around his mouth, making sure he gets as much as he can. Hannibal moans at the sight of it. His knot is still engorged and cock still hard. Will can see the alpha is far from done.

‘No one has done that for me. No one can take me. I…oh Will!’

Will stands up and gently kisses Hannibal before taking the alpha’s face between his hands. ‘This is really why you don’t date much. They all think you’re too big?’

Hannibal nods. ‘My size puts off most omegas. I wondered if you, I hoped you would be able to let me fuck you.’

Will looks up at Hannibal. His voice is husky, and his throat sore, but he manages to force some words from his abused mouth. ‘If you tell me, where else?’

Hannibal smiles. ‘Where else, what?’

Will places a wet kiss on Hannibal’s warm cheek before whispering in the alpha’s ear, ‘Where else have you imagined fucking me?’

‘Oh, my cunning boy,’ Hannibal moans, one hand still in Will’s hair, pulling at the sweat-dampened strands. ‘Everywhere.’

Will grins. ‘Tell me.’

‘On my dining table,’ Hannibal admits, a slight blush dusts his already flushed complexion, and it makes Will moan.

‘All spread out for you. Like your painting?’

Hannibal grabs Will, lifting the omega easily, and Will wraps his legs around Hannibal’s waist, allowing himself to be carried through to the dining room.

The Table is Set

Chapter Summary

> It's as if the table were made for this, the perfect height for Will to be led on his back, knees bent, legs parted, holding himself up on his elbows, while Hannibal kneels on the floor, placing his hands around Will's ankles and begins to kiss and lick the escaping slick and cum.
>
> Will feels those cheekbones sharp against his inner thighs, clean-shaven, warm skin. Hannibal's talented tongue is once again blowing Will's mind. It seems to reach further inside him than he thought possible. It's everywhere at once, licking his slick, sucking his small flinching cock. There's just wet, hot pleasure, and it takes Will's breath away. It takes every part of him to focus and stay conscious as all his nerve endings buzz and hum with arousal.

The alpha still has his trousers and underwear pushed down, so it's more of a shuffle rather than the usual elegant walk. Will clings onto him, being this close to Hannibal's warm body, the strength he can feel contained in the alpha is comforting and arousing at the same time. He can feel his heat, that's been brewing, is beginning to rear its head, aware he's casting pheromones and scent all around. Hannibal growls as they arrive in the room before placing Will down on his back on the table. The look on the alpha's face is pure desire, and Will reflects this feeling. He's not sure he's ever been this turned on before. He wants to see all of Hannibal. Those forearms were a tease. He wants to see all of the alpha's body while being fucked.

Hannibal seems to sense this and grins before unbuttoning his crisp white shirt, toeing off his shoes, removing his socks before making quick work of all his clothes, throwing them on the floor in a messy pile. Then the alpha is naked and gleaming in front of Will, who groans at the beautiful sight. The dappling of soft, silver chest hair, defined muscles, slight tummy, long, lean, strong-looking legs and of course, his well-endowed alpha cock still dripping for Will. He licks his lips, toes off his shoes, shoves his jeans, underwear and socks off to join Hannibal's pile of clothes on the floor. He unbuttons his shirt and throws that off before moving back again, spreading his legs, dripping slick onto the shiny surface of the table.

'I want to taste you,' Hannibal growls, and Will leans his head back and moans his approval.

It's as if the table were made for this, the perfect height for Will to be led on his back, knees bent, legs parted, holding himself up on his elbows, while Hannibal kneels on the floor, placing his hands around Will's ankles and begins to kiss and lick the escaping slick and cum.

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'Oh god, please, Hannibal, fuck!' Will shouts as the alpha's tongue skirts around his hole and then plunges deep inside him. 'I need you!'

He can feel Hannibal smile against him, and it makes his want so much worse, but also so much sweeter. He's so turned on right now he can't form a coherent thought past the pure need for Hannibal's knot and cock.

'You taste divine, Will, but you know that.' The breath of the words is a hot whisper against sensitive, wet places.

'As do you!' Will moans.

'Do you want me to fuck you, omega? Tell me how much. My eager omega, can you take me, do you want me?' Hannibal says, licking a stripe from Will's still dripping hole to his flinching cock.

Will smiles and bites his lower lip because right now, he doesn't even need to role-play. He's so eager for this. He's desperate for Hannibal's knot. He's never needed anyone like he needs Hannibal right now. All his one-night stands, rough fucks with Matthew, all of it forgotten. There's only Hannibal's mouth, the thought of the massive cock that was just in his mouth, making him gag, being inside him, filling him, fucking him.

'Please, fuck me, please, alpha, I need it, I need you, oh god, please!' Will's desperation seems to turn Hannibal on even more as the alpha growls again at his begging. Now he knows the alpha likes it when he begs. Will won't hold himself back a moment longer, so eager to please and turn his alpha on. He wants Hannibal to be his. He needs it. 'Please, oh god, please, fuck me, take me, please, oh god, alpha, please, I need it so much, please, it hurts!'

Hannibal stands up, rising above Will like a god. 'It hurts?'

'I need you to fill me, please. I need it so much. It aches. It hurts to be so empty, please!'

The alpha smiles and licks his lips. The sight makes Will delirious with pleasure. Hannibal is licking Will from his lips; he's not sure there's a sexier sight than that. Hannibal runs his hands from Will's ankles up his legs, slowly, so he can feel every inch of the warm touch. Finally, the alpha's hands reach Will's inner thighs and squeeze the muscle. He moans, and he wants to weep at the need he feels in the marrow of his bones.

Hannibal moves one hand to cover Will's, as yet, untouched cock, which is flinching back to life. The alpha's hand easily covers his small omega cock. Cocooned in the palm of Hannibal's hand, he wantonly thrusts upwards.

‘So eager for me,’ Hannibal says, his accent thick and as rich as honey. ‘My sweet little omega, I will fuck you, fill you, knot you, but I’ll take my time. You were so good for me in the kitchen; no one has taken all of me in like that before. You knew that, though. You knew you were the only one who could ever do that for me.’

‘Yes, alpha, yes, I want to be good for you. I want to please you. It felt so good to be choked by your big cock. I want you inside me now, please!’ Will is now wantonly thrusting into Hannibal’s hand as a large pool of slick forms on the table beneath him. He doesn’t care how he sounds. He means every word. He wants nothing more than for Hannibal to play with him, use him, fuck him for as long as the alpha can.

‘You’re so sweet to me, omega. I’d never have guessed you were like this.’

Will moans. ‘Only for you, alpha, my alpha!’

‘Is that what you want? For me to be your alpha? I would worship you.’

‘Please, please, alpha, yes, please, fuck, I want that, I need you, I need it, please!’ Will comes again all over Hannibal’s hand, as even more slick pools between his legs. He watches as Hannibal uses his other hand to run a finger along the slick, licking the hot, thick liquid with his tongue.

‘All this for me, you’re so wet, so warm. I imagine you’re tight, so tight for me, let me see, let me touch you before I fuck you.’

‘Please, fuck, yes, please, play with me, touch me, I need it!’

Hannibal licks his finger, covering it in saliva and then inserts it slowly inside Will’s waiting dripping, slick-rich hole. Will shouts out, incoherent with pleasure, as the tip and then the rest of that elegant finger enter him so easily. He’s so wet and open now that Hannibal places two fingers inside him before he can recover and presses against the sweet spot. Will screams out in arousal as Hannibal still holds his cock as well as curving those fingers up inside him, insistently pressing up against that sweet spot of nerves.

‘You’re so warm, omega, so hot for me. Can you take more?’

‘Yes, please, make it hurt!’

‘Fuck!’ Hannibal says, losing his reserve now as Will thrusts up in his palm and pushes down, taking the rest of the alpha’s fingers inside him.

‘Is it good? Is this good, alpha? Am I what you want? What you imagined?’

‘Oh, Will, you’re spectacular, so hot, wet, so needy for me. Look at you, taking my fingers, fucking yourself on my hands. You’re so beautiful!’

‘Please! Please, oh, god! Please! Hannibal fuck me! Please, I can take you!’

Hannibal moans and removes his hand from inside Will, bringing his fingers up to Will’s lips, the alpha presses inside Will’s mouth. Will lets him in and tastes himself on Hannibal’s

fingers.

He swirls his tongue and sucks the alpha's fingers just as he did his cock. The alpha then lets go of Will's cock, grasping his hip and bringing him closer to the table's edge. Hannibal removes his fingers from Will's mouth, and he moans at the loss. They lock eyes, and Will nods.

'Are you sure?' Hannibal asks as he grasps Will's other hip holding him still.

Will grins and then moves so that his hole is lined up to take Hannibal's cock. The alpha moans and breathes a large sigh before pushing inside Will. Hannibal is slow at first, tentative, but Will encourages him with a thrust and a moan until Hannibal is seated completely inside the omega.

For Will, he has never felt this full. The stretch is almost painful, that good kind of pain, though, the kind that makes his whole body buzz and shiver with arousal.

'Yes! Fuck! Hannibal, move, move!'

He's thrown his head back and relaxed his bent knees so his body is as open as it can be. Hannibal thrusts once, gently, and Will can feel the huge alpha cock as it reverberates inside him, sending shockwave after shockwave of pleasure through him. It feels as if he might almost split open at how large Hannibal is, but he also feels complete. He knows he'll never have another cock inside him again. There's nothing like this. He will crave this forever.

'More, please, alpha, more, please!'

'Fuck!' Hannibal cries out and seems to lose control at this point. Thrusting hard inside Will, snapping his hips, and it feels like a seismic shift in Will's body.

'Yes, fuck me! Fuck me how you want to! Don't hold back. I can take it!'

Hannibal comes completely out and then thrusts inside Will hitting his prostate with astonishing accuracy. The alpha is gripping onto Will's hips so hard he knows there'll be a mark, and that will be the least of it. He knows he will feel this for days. The alpha is now lost to his arousal, fucking Will hard and fast as his body slides up and down the table, slick leaking, coating the huge cock filling him.

He falls from his elbows and lies flat on the table. Hannibal lifts Will's legs, so his ankles are on the alpha's shoulder, his ass elevated, so the alpha's cock hits him at a completely new and awe-inspiring angle. Hannibal holds him firmly and continues to fuck Will. There's nothing in the world except this, the sound of flesh hitting flesh, the wonderful slide of Hannibal's huge cock as it splits Will in two. He knows he's bleeding; he can feel the pain and slightly thinner liquid mixing with the slick. Hannibal sees it too, and Will shakes his head.

'Don't stop…. Please… please keep going! I can take it!'

Hannibal thrust a few more times and then comes loudly, shouting Will's name and throwing his head back, hair now completely out of place.

‘Will!’

‘Fuck! Please! Knot me! Please, I need it!’

‘Will, are you sure? I don’t want to hurt you?’

‘Yes, fuck, I need it!’

Hannibal gently moves Will’s legs from his shoulders and lets them drop to the floor. Will moans at the change of position, but Hannibal pushes inside him before he can get used to it. At first, his hole protests, and he moans in pain. Will breathes through it and tells himself to relax, allowing Hannibal’s knot to slip inside securely so they’re finally linked. Hannibal comes almost immediately. What cum is left in Will leaks out of his very spent cock, and he wraps his legs around Hannibal’s waist bringing him closer.

Every part of his body is crying out in a wonderful conflict of pleasure and pain. Will knows he’s going to pass out soon. He can feel consciousness drift from him, but he smiles at Hannibal, who gently picks him up and manages to lie them down on the floor so Will is on top of the alpha’s warm, furry chest. He nuzzles against the softness, sighing in contentment before passing out.

James Bond fantasy

Chapter Summary

‘I would perhaps ask that we not wear a wire and earpiece this time, there will be many people nearby, and they may notice.’

‘What if we get into trouble?’ Will asks, looking at Hannibal, wondering where he is going with this. Hopefully, it’s because Hannibal wants to whisper filthy things into Will’s ear unobserved.

‘I’m sure between the surveillance and if Will, perhaps you could be discreetly armed?’

‘You want me to bring my gun?’ Will says, confused.

‘If it would make Jack feel safer,’ Hannibal says.

‘Yes, good idea, alright,’ Jack agrees. ‘We can clear it with the security at the event.’

‘I can do that,’ Bev agrees.

‘One more thing, Will, do you own a tux?’ Hannibal asks.

Will is staring at Hannibal now and wondering if the alpha harbours some kind of James Bond fantasy. ‘A tux?’

‘Yes, I know you have a gun, but a tux I’m less sure of.’

Will wakes to warmth, a fuzzy heat that makes him whimper a little. He hurts, his hole is sore, and his jaw, too, feels stiff. The rest of him, though, his limbs, his eyes are all heavy and relaxed. There is his oncoming heat, increasing with every moment of consciousness, rising. Lust and need like a wave gently lapping, but soon it will be crashing down on him.

Hannibal is behind him. Their legs entwined, the alpha holds Will, arms around him, he fits perfectly. He moans and opens his eyes. Blinking awake, he cranes his neck to look up at the alpha’s serene face.

‘Are you alright?’ Hannibal asks. ‘I gave you something for the pain, and you needed some stitches. I’m so sorry.’

Will smiles and lifts his heavy hand to Hannibal’s cheek, gently stroking the sharp cheekbone. ‘Please, don’t apologise, it was amazing, it was incredible, didn’t you think?’

The alpha grins, Will isn’t sure he’s ever seen Hannibal grin before.

‘Will, it was wonderful. No one has ever been able to do that for me. I’ve never been fully inside anyone before. It was as if you were made for me.’

Will cannot believe what he’s hearing. A well of sympathy for the alpha pools inside him as pride that he was the first and the best swells above it.

‘I feel the same as if you were made for me. I never want anyone else inside me ever again.’

Hannibal blushes, and Will wants to kiss him. He attempts to move, but he’s sore, and he winces.

‘Let me help you,’ Hannibal says. With the alpha’s help, Will manages to turn so they face each other. He reaches up and kisses Hannibal. The alpha strokes the sides of Will’s body. Those deft palms gently brush his skin, fingers touch his neck, tracing the curve of his shoulder, down his arms, to the curve of his ass and back again. He imagines a trail of warm, glowing red on his body, and he aches, leaning into the kiss.

‘What are we going to tell Jack?’ Hannibal says, parting the kiss.

‘I’m not sure. I don’t think he'd like it if we started dating,’ Will says. ‘It might complicate things.’

‘So, what would you like to do?’ Hannibal asks, and Will can hear the hope in his voice.

Will laughs and kisses him again. ‘What do you think?’

‘I suppose we could not tell him,’ Hannibal says, his voice soft.

‘Pretend to be together for show when we are together? That could get complicated,’ Will says, already dreading leaving this bed.

‘Only if we let it,’ Hannibal says and strokes a hand through Will’s hair. ‘It could be fun?’

‘Fun?’

‘Yes, I think it could be enjoyable,’ Hannibal says. ‘A game for you and I.’

Will smiles. ‘Why do I get the feeling you enjoy the chase?’

‘I’m not one of those alpha’s who enjoys the chase more than the prize. Plus, I already have you, don’t I? Unless you’re having second thoughts?’

Will reaches down with his hand and finds Hannibal’s cock, relaxed for now, still huge and presses his palm against the shaft. ‘Definitely not. Now I’ve found you, found this, I’m not going anywhere.’

Hannibal moans, and Will begins stroking him gently to life. ‘Do you only want me for this?’

‘Not only,’ Will says and kisses him before gently pushing the alpha to lie flat on his back, Will slowly moves, wincing slightly to straddle him. Hannibal reaches up and strokes a hand

down Will's chest. The other grasps his hip.

'I don't want to hurt you,' Hannibal says.

'You won't. Even if you do, you can fix me.'

'I'll be gentle,' Hannibal promises.

Will places one of his hands on Hannibal's cock, which is starting, already, to fill. 'Not too gentle, I hope.'

'You are incorrigible.'

'You have no idea,' Will says and lifts himself, so his slick drips onto Hannibal's cock. He's feeling better now, a little more awake. He presses his hole against Hannibal's cock, taking just the tip in. He whimpers at the stretch. Hannibal strokes a hand down Will's chest, pinching his nipples and eventually finding his cock, which fits so perfectly in the alpha's hand. Will lowers himself a little, taking more inside him, slick is leaking from his abused hole, and he moans at the pain, the stitches are stretching, but he doesn't care. He needs this. His body needs it.

'Will!' Hannibal moans.

'Yes, my alpha, my beautiful, huge alpha, fill me, please, fill me,' Will whimpers and lowers himself completely one final time taking all of Hannibal inside him.

'Oh, fuck!' Hannibal moans as Will begins to rock himself on Hannibal's cock. Slow, deliberate rolls of his hips.

'Please, oh please, yes!' Will shouts and comes over Hannibal's hand.

The alpha sits up and kisses and bites Will's neck. He cranes his neck so the alpha can reach more. Hot lips and fangs press against the stretched tendons as he moves his hips, the slide of the alpha's cock inside of him divine.

Will thinks he could stay like this forever, in Hannibal's arms, fucking himself on his huge cock. It's all he wants. There is nothing but this.

'You're so beautiful, Will!' Hannibal moans into his neck. 'Such a perfect omega for me, so wanting.'

'Yes, I need you. I always want to be yours, please, please, let me be yours!'

'Yes, my love, oh, yes!' Hannibal knot swells, and Will pushes down, his sore and abused hole screaming in protest, as he forces the alpha's considerable knot inside.

He feels complete as Hannibal comes, filling him up, so his belly swells with cum. Will passes out again even as Hannibal continues to stroke his cock and pinch his nipples, playing with him.

***

Bev is already waiting in Jack's office when Will arrives. She got him a coffee from the guy outside, which he's thankful for as he didn't get a lot of sleep last night.

'Date went well?' Bev asks.

Will laughs. 'It wasn't a date,' he reminds her before taking the coffee. He sits down in the chair 'Are you alright?' Bev asks, sounding concerned.

'Yes, fine, thank you,' Will says and tries not to move.

'You sure?'

'Yes, thank you, just, you know, a different bed. Hard to sleep.'

This is a lie - he did sleep very well. After Hannibal fucked him once more, he fell into a deep sleep and woke up with Hannibal's knot still pressed inside him.

'Not a good bed then?'

'What?

'At Hannibal's?'

'How would I know what his bed was like?'

'I meant the spare room!'

'Yeah, yeah, no, it was fine, just not my bed,' Will says and tries not to blush.

Jack appears and saves him from further conversation.

'Hannibal here yet?' Jack asks Will.

'How would I know?' Will immediately responds.

'I assumed you came in together?'

'Why would you assume that?'

Bev is looking at him. He can feel her gaze on him. He pointedly doesn't return it.

'Because you stayed at his house last night,' Jack says.

'I drove here in my car, alone,' Will says.

'Well, is he? Here yet?' Jack asks again.

‘I don’t know!’ Will protests.

‘Good morning Jack, Bev, Will,’ Hannibal says, entering the office. The alpha moves close to Will but doesn’t touch him. ‘I am glad you arrived safely,’ Hannibal says to Will.

‘Yeah, thanks,’ Will says and tries his best not to look at anyone.

‘Shall we get started?’ Jack says, and they all take a seat.

‘I think a more public date tonight would be a good idea, get your picture in the society papers,’ Jack says. ‘Would you be okay with that?’

‘Of course, I've no issue with anyone believing Will, and I are a couple,’ Hannibal says, and Will looks resolutely at the floor.

‘It’s for a good cause, Will,’ Bev says.

‘Actually,’ Hannibal says. ‘I have tickets for a charity performance at the Baltimore museum and art gallery this evening. Will could accompany me.’

‘Perfect,’ Jack says. ‘Nice and public.’

‘Give me the details,’ Bevs says. ‘And I can set up surveillance.’

‘I would perhaps ask that we not wear a wire and earpiece this time, there will be many people nearby, and they may notice.’

‘What if we get into trouble?’ Will asks, looking at Hannibal, wondering where he is going with this. Hopefully, it’s because Hannibal wants to whisper filthy things into Will’s ear unobserved.

‘I’m sure between the surveillance and if Will, perhaps you could be discreetly armed?’

‘You want me to bring my gun?’ Will says, confused.

‘If it would make Jack feel safer,’ Hannibal says.

‘Yes, good idea, alright,’ Jack agrees. ‘We can clear it with the security at the event.’

‘I can do that,’ Bev agrees.

‘One more thing, Will, do you own a tux?’ Hannibal asks.

Will is staring at Hannibal now and wondering if the alpha harbours some kind of James Bond fantasy. ‘A tux?’

‘Yes, I know you have a gun, but a tux I’m less sure of.’

‘Um,’ Will says. ‘Maybe, it's old. I’m not sure where it is….’

‘No problem, I can have my man get you something.’

‘Your man?’ Will says, a little jealous.

‘Yes, my tailor,’ Hannibal clarifies. Of course, Will thinks, he has a tailor. ‘I think I can guess your measurements. It’ll be off the rack, but I’m sure it will do.’

‘Perfect,’ Jack says. ‘Hannibal, you give Bev all the details, and she can coordinate the teams. I’ll call the museum and talk to security.’

‘Do I get a say in this?’ Will asks, looking around the room at all the people organising his life for him. Dinner was one thing, but such a public event was another. He was hoping they could go back to Hannibal’s bed.

‘You agreed to this Will,’ Jack says.

‘And such a public event is bound to draw this guy out,’ Bev reasons, and Will really wishes they didn’t make all of this sound so reasonable and easy. ‘He likes to target high profile couples, after all. Hannibal is very well known in Baltimore, and he’s putting himself at risk for us. I think you can do the same, surely, after all, it is your job,’ Bev points out.

‘Don’t worry, Will,’ Hannibal says and places a hand on Will’s shoulder. ‘The Baltimore social scene may appear terrifying, but you’ve dealt with much worse. I’ll be there to guide you through.’

Will, at this point, knows he has no choice.

‘Fine,’ he says, hoping he put up enough resistance to make it plausible that he’s dreading spending another evening with Hannibal. When, in fact, the only thing he’s dreading is that they won’t be alone.

‘Perhaps, Will, you could stay another night? Seal the deal… as it were?’ Hannibal suggests in a far too innocent tone.

Will looks at Hannibal and tries desperately not to smirk. ‘I guess so.’

‘Then let's get to it,’ Jack orders, and they all file out of his office.

Hannibal’s phone rings. Will notices the alpha frowning at the number.

‘Excuse me, I need to take this,’ Hannibal says, answering his phone. ‘Franklyn, I’ve requested for you not to call outside of my office hours,’ Hannibal says as he leaves.

Will and Bev follow, walking down the hallway towards the lecture theatre.

‘You hate this, right?’ Bev says.

‘What?’ Will says, looking at Bev. ‘You were awfully quiet in there,’ Will says.

‘I was just observing,’ Bev says in a neutral tone.

‘Observing?’

‘I’d have thought you’d put up more of a fight about this. You hate going out. You hate parties.’

‘As you said, it’s my job to do this, so….’

‘A huh,’ Bev says, eyeing him.

‘What happened last night?’ Bev says.

‘What do you mean?’

‘After dinner, when you went back to Hannibal’s, what happened?’

‘Nothing,’ Will says.

‘That blush would say otherwise,’ Bev says.

‘What! Nothing happened, Bev.’

She leans in closer. ‘Do you like him?’

‘Who? Hannibal! No!’

‘Look, I get it. I mean, he’s very attractive, Will, but, I mean, you two are just so different. I can talk to Jack, maybe see if we can find someone else. I don’t want you getting your hopes up.’

Will tries not to take umbrage at that. After all, he thought the same only a night ago, before Hannibal fucked him senseless on his dining room table. He hopes he isn’t blushing at the memory. ‘Bev, it's fine,’ he says. ‘It’s not like that. I don’t like him like that.’

‘If you’re sure,’ she says.

‘Yes, I have to go. I’ll see you later,’ Will says and ducks into his lecture hall.

***

In the end, Will is glad of his lecture and relieved to have something to take his mind off last night and tonight. He’s still tender and was a little worried that Bev didn’t believe his excuse earlier.

Once the lecture is over, he makes his way to the bathroom, hoping to find a cubicle to have some privacy and check himself as he still feels quite sore. It’s a rather nice feeling, though, a constant reminder of the previous evening.

Luckily, the place is empty, and he finds a cubicle to himself. Locking the door, he starts to undo his trousers. He hears the main door open and sighs.

‘Will?’ the voice says, and he smiles as he’d recognise that accent anywhere. ‘Are you in here? I wanted to check on you?’

‘Yeah, in here,’ he says and unlocks the cubicle so Hannibal can join him. There’s not much room, so they’re pressed up against each other.

‘Are you alright?’ Hannibal says.

Will nods. ‘Yeah, I think so, I was going to check, but now you’re here.’

Hannibal smiles as Will turns around, lowering his trousers and underwear. The alpha gets on his knees. Warm hands brush the curve of Will's ass, and he whimpers. Hannibal then begins to place soft, whisper-light kisses on Will’s ass as his fingers gently move to his hole. Slick is painfully beginning to form, and Hannibal licks it up, hot swipes lapping at him, teasingly close to going inside him. Will leans back into Hannibal’s mouth, curving his back. He steadies himself with two hands on the bathroom wall.

There is a noise of a door opening and then Jack’s distinctive voice.

‘Will? You in here? One of the cadets said they saw you come in?’

Hannibal kisses Will’s abused hole so softly it makes Will whimper. He covers his mouth with one hand to dull the sound.

‘Will? You in the stall?’ Jack says again as Hannibal begins to insert the tip of his tongue inside. Will hears Jack’s footsteps as they get closer to the cubicle they’re in.

‘Will, you in there?’

‘Yeah, Jack, I’ll be done in a minute,’ Will manages. His voice is breathless, though, as he squeezes his eyes shut and desperately tries to concentrate on not wantonly moaning.

‘Everything alright?’ Jack asks.

‘Yes, yes, all fine,’ Will says and bites down on the flesh of his hand to stop himself from moaning. Hannibal has the tip of a finger inside him now as well as his tongue. Slick is leaking down Will’s leg, and his cock is flinching.

‘Well, when you’re done, find Hannibal and come and see me. We need to go over the plan for tonight.’

‘Oh, god!’ Will lets out as Hannibal plunges his tongue all the way in and swirls it around in a way that no one has ever done before.

‘Will?’

‘Sorry, yes, oh, yes, I’ll be there shortly,’ Will says, hoping he sounds vaguely normal.

‘You sure you’re alright?’ Jack asks.

‘Fine, yes, just fine. I’ll be right there,’ Will says and prays to every god he knows that Jack leaves so that Hannibal can keep doing that thing with his tongue that makes every nerve in Will’s body blaze.

‘Alright, don’t be long,’ Jack says and begins to walk away.

‘No, won’t be long,’ Will says as his cock leaks and flinches.

He hears the door shut and lets out a sigh of relief followed by a long moan as Hannibal presses two fingers inside him and manages to get his tongue further. Before Will knows it, Hannibal is milking him, pressing insistently against his prostate, cum is spilling out from his cock, just as he thinks he’s done, yet more leaks out. Slick is flowing down his leg, and he’s not sure he can stand up for much longer, so he removes the hand from his mouth back to the wall to brace himself.

‘Fuck!’ Will moans as yet more cum leaves him. Surely that’s all his body can manage, he thinks. Hannibal has other ideas and continues until Will is a whimpering mess.

‘I think everything is fine,’ Hannibal says, finally removing himself from Will and licking his fingers clean. Will manages to turn around to witness this depraved act and moans again.

‘That was risky,’ Will breathes out.

‘Fun, though?’ Hannibal asks, and Will laughs.

‘Yes, very!’ Will smiles and leans forward, putting his arms on Hannibal to steady himself.

The alpha embraces Will and begins to nuzzle at his neck.

‘I missed you,’ Hannibal whispers.

‘I did too,’ Will replies. ‘I wish we could just skip this event tonight and go back to your bed.’

‘I relish the chance to show you off,’ Hannibal says, and Will laughs. ‘I’ve got you a tux after all.’

‘Because you know my measurements,’ Will teases.

‘Some might say intimately,’ Hannibal says and kisses his way up the column of Will’s neck, finally finding his lips.

‘You want me to bring my gun this evening?’

Hannibal smiles. ‘The thought of you having a concealed firearm, I admit, is a little arousing.’

‘Knew it,’ Will laughs.

Sweet Sound of Success

Chapter Summary

> ‘My apologies, good evening to you, Will, was it?’ Franklyn asks, and Will smiles, holds out his hand for Franklyn to shake.
>
> ‘Will Graham, pleased to meet you,’ Will says as Franklyn stares at the hand and then takes it, shaking, warm and a little damp.
>
> ‘How do you know Dr Lecter, here?’
>
> ‘Well, we are…,’ Will starts and suddenly has no idea how to answer that question.
>
> ‘He’s my date,’ Hannibal supplies and puts an arm around Will’s waist.
>
> ‘Oh, I see,’ Franklyn says. ‘I had no idea you were seeing anyone.’

Will wears a tux, a very well-fitting tux, and a holster with a small gun concealed under the jacket. Hannibal is also in a tux, his usual tailored lines flattering every aspect of the alpha.

Aspects Will now knows intimately.

The Baltimore social scene is mostly filled with white, rich people who all seem to come from money or are involved in companies that no one, even them, truly understands.

They all know Hannibal. The moment he walks into the main hall, everyone discreetly looks. Eyes widen when they see him with Will, a shifty-looking omega. He can see the wheels turning as they all try to figure out who he is.

It makes Will want to smirk but also run away.

‘Dr Lecter,’ the man says, Franklyn, Hannibal’s patient, who interrupted their dinner date previously.

‘Franklyn,’ Hannibal says evenly.

‘I saw you earlier, but I wasn’t sure if you wanted me to come over and then I was worried you may think me rude,’ Franklyn says.

‘I always leave it up to my patients as to whether they approach me; it’s a matter of confidentiality. My reputation is all I have,’ Hannibal replies.

‘Oh! Well, there’s no need to worry! I praise your therapeutic skills all the time!’

‘Perhaps you should be more discreet,’ Hannibal says, and Will can feel the waves of annoyance coming from the alpha, Franklyn, however, remains oblivious.

‘My apologies, good evening to you, Will, was it?’ Franklyn asks, and Will smiles, holds out his hand for Franklyn to shake.

‘Will Graham, pleased to meet you,’ Will says as Franklyn stares at the hand and then takes it, shaking, warm and a little damp.

‘How do you know Dr Lecter, here?’

‘Well, we are…,’ Will starts and suddenly has no idea how to answer that question.

‘He’s my date,’ Hannibal supplies and puts an arm around Will’s waist.

‘Oh, I see,’ Franklyn says. ‘I had no idea you were seeing anyone.’

‘Why would you? I keep my private life separate from my patients. After all, therapy is about them, not me,’ Hannibal says, now scanning over Franklyn’s head for a way out.

‘I thought we were friends as well,’ Franklyn says, and Will does feel bad for the man now.

‘We can discuss this in your final session next week, Franklyn. It was good to see you,’ Hannibal says and guides Will away from the omega, who looks like he’s just had his heart broken.

‘Hannibal, that was cruel,’ Will says, teasing. He gets it. Franklyn does seem a little creepy.

‘I’ll be referring him on. He’s getting too familiar. It’s not good for him. Sometimes a therapist must be cruel to be kind,’ Hannibal says, taking two glasses of champagne from a tray and giving one to Will.

‘What about me? Am I too familiar?’

‘You are not my patient,’ Hannibal says.

‘Ah, Hannibal! It’s good to see you,’ an older woman approaches them with jet black hair cut into a severe bob. She has pale alabaster skin and cheekbones that could rival Hannibal’s.

‘Mrs Komeda, how very good to see you also. I was hoping you’d be here. I want to introduce you to my date, Will Graham,’ Hannibal says, pressing a palm against Will’s back.

‘I saw you were with someone, so rare! It’s nice to meet you, Mr Graham,’ Mrs Komeda says, holding out her hand, Will gently grasps her fingers and kisses them before letting them go. ‘Such a gentleman, Hannibal, where did you meet?’

‘At my consulting work with the FBI,’ Hannibal says to the shocked face of Mrs Komeda. ‘I know, it was as much a surprise to me. Sometimes connections crop up at the most unexpected of places.’

Mrs Komeda laughs and then looks Will up and down, seemingly approving. ‘Well. Yes, you’ve done well.’

‘Thank you,’ Will says. ‘I think.’

‘How rude of me. I do apologise. It’s just so rare for Hannibal to introduce us to anyone! What do you do, Mr Graham?’

‘Call me Will, please,’ he says. ‘I’m a professor of criminology at the FBI.’

‘Oh, how fascinating!’ she says. ‘You must tell me all the sordid details.’

‘I would love to, but I’m afraid I can’t break confidentiality,’ Will says. ‘Much like Hannibal.’

‘Ah, yes, we’re always trying to get him to dish out some gossip, but he’s always tight-lipped!’

‘What kind of therapist would I be if I revealed everything? Everyone is entitled to a little privacy,’ Hannibal says.

‘True! That is very true. It’s why you’re the best at what you do. I’m sorry, my dear, I must go and speak to Mrs Horowitz. I have just spotted her,’ she says, and with that, she’s off across the room.

Will looks at Hannibal, smirking.

‘Who was that?’ Will says, a little horrified that Hannibal is seemingly friends with someone so shallow and rude.

‘Baltimore’s biggest gossip, if Franklyn hasn’t spread the word already, she’ll most assuredly get the job done,’ Hannibal says before leaning over and kissing Will softly on the lips. ‘That should get them talking.’

The bells ring to indicate the performance is about to begin. Hannibal guides them to their seats. It’s close quarters, and Will can feel all eyes on him. He’s not used to being the centre of attention in this way and is starting to feel a little panicked. Hannibal senses this, and as they sit down, the alpha takes Will’s hand in his own. The closeness and warmth are soothing. Then the lights are lowered, the covering darkness helps even more.

The soprano is stunning. Her voice pierces the air with such skill and emotion that soon Will is lost to the power of her song. Hannibal squeezes his hand as it continues. Will feels as if they are the only two people in the room. He never attends events like this. Listening to live music is something he realises he misses. The last time he did anything approaching this would have been back home in small, smoky, crowded bars, jazz and blues permeating the air with its joyous and unpredictable sound. Will closes his eyes and allows the memories to wash over him.

When it is over, both he and Hannibal stand to applaud the singer, closely followed by the rest of the audience. Will turns and whispers to Hannibal.

‘That was amazing, thank you.’

Hannibal smiles and kisses Will’s cheek discreetly. ‘I suspected you might enjoy it.’

There’s a small reception after the concert where they mingle for an hour or so. Hannibal shows Will to as many people as the alpha can. Will is starting to feel a bit drained, as he always does when talking to many people. When he teaches, it’s just him speaking, no interaction, and there's very little talk when he goes to bars. More looks exchanged. This social back and forth is a whole different ball game, and Will is starting to worry he’ll never truly fit into Hannibal’s life. This kind of thing, not something he can imagine himself regularly doing.

He sees Bev standing by the door, attempting to get his attention. He whispers to Hannibal that they should go, and the alpha effortlessly ends the conversation he’s having, and they make their way over to Bev.

‘Any luck?’ Will asks.

Bev shakes her head. ‘Afraid not, the team is still on standby but nothing as yet. Facial recognition going to see if anyone pops up from the restaurant. Other than that patient of Hannibal’s, who we checked out, and he’s clean, no one else has come up. If you can give it another half an hour?’ Bev asks.

‘Wouldn’t he try and get us when we leave anyway?’ Will asks.

‘Yes, but Jack thinks it’s more likely when more people have left, people are starting to clear, so give it a bit longer, have a drink and then leave out the side entrance, and we’ll keep watch.’

‘Alright,’ Will says, and Hannibal nods.

Bev leaves, and Will runs a hand through his hair, exhausted. Hannibal takes his hand and kisses it. ‘I know all this is a strain, not much longer. Can I get you a whiskey?’

Will smiles. ‘Bourbon.’

‘Of course,’ Hannibal says. ‘Stay here. I’ll be back.’

Will watches as Hannibal floats to the bar, carefully avoiding the many people who want to speak to him. He’s relieved to have a moment to himself. He leans against the wall, closing his eyes for a moment. He takes a deep breath. Suddenly there’s a hand over his nose and mouth, a strong smell and arms holding him in place. No time to cry out, Will is dragged away to the side door. He waits and allows himself to be led out to the alleyway at the back of the museum. Once outside, he kicks the man hard in the shins. It’s enough for the grip to loosen, Will headbutts his attacker and elbows him hard. He’s released, and Will goes straight for his gun, drawing it and pointing at the man. He’s still holding the gun out when Hannibal swings the door open.

‘Will!’ Hannibal shouts.

‘It’s you,’ Will says. ‘Franklyn?’

Franklyn looks at Hannibal, his eyes wide with rage, ‘why are you with him? Why do they ‘Franklyn,’ Hannibal says. ‘Please, it’s alright.’

‘I just want to be with someone; I’ve so much to offer, I’m so much better than him!’ Franklyn says and makes a dive towards Hannibal.

Before even Hannibal can move, Will has pulled the trigger, several times and the larger man falls with a thump to the ground. Will looks at Hannibal. His hands are shaking as his eyes go from Hannibal to the man on the floor, blood pooling underneath him.

Hannibal leans down, checks Franklyn’s pulse on his neck, looks up at Will, and shakes his head. There are shouts and sounds of running behind them. Bev and Jack are making their way towards them. Hannibal stands up, steps in front of Will, gently putting his hands on Will’s wrists and encourages him to lower the gun.

‘It’s alright, Will, he’s gone,’ Hannibal says, and Will lowers the gun. He can feel his whole body trembling.

‘Will!’ Jack shouts, reaching them as he hears more footsteps running and shouting behind him, soon he is swarmed by the FBI team.

He lowers his gun completely, letting his arms rest at his sides and turns to Hannibal.

‘Good thinking on the gun,’ Will says, voice unsteady.

Hannibal strokes a hand on Will’s forehead. ‘Are you alright?’

‘Yes, I think so. I held my breath when he tried to drug me’, Will says.

Jack takes a look at the guy on the floor and frowns.

‘You alright?’ Bev asks.

‘Yes, fine, thank you,’ Will says.

Jack turns to look at Hannibal. ‘Did you know him?’

‘Yes, he was one of my patients, after all. He just seemed lonely and a little lost. I had no clue he was dangerous. I’m just very glad that Will stopped him in time.’

‘It was him or Hannibal, Jack,’ Will sighs.

‘I know, I'm glad you're both alright,’ Jack says, looking at the bleeding body of the man on the ground.

‘We should get you checked out,’ Bev says to Will.

‘You could do that?’ Will says, meeting Hannibal’s eyes.

‘I could.’

‘Maybe you should go to the hospital, Will?’ Bev says.

‘I’ll take care of him,’ Hannibal says and begins to guide Will away from the dead body before anyone can stop them.

Jack runs up behind them. ‘I’ll need both your statements,’ Jack says.

Hannibal stops and looks at Jack. ‘You can have them tomorrow,’ Hannibal says, a command.

‘You aren’t his alpha!’ Jack exclaims. ‘He’s just shot someone, your patient. I need to take your statements.’

Hannibal places his arm around Will’s waist, pulling him in closer. ‘You can have it tomorrow; he needs to be checked out. He was drugged.’

‘Our medics can do that,’ Jack says, standing a little taller.

The world is starting to feel a little blurry, and Will cannot feel his legs anymore. Glad that Hannibal is holding him up, he groans and leans into the strong alpha’s body. ‘Hannibal,’ he moans. ‘Can we go?’

‘I’m more than qualified, and he’s requested to go home with me. You can secure the scene and get Will’s and mine’s statement tomorrow.’ Will notices none of this is phrased as a question. He’s never heard anyone talk to Jack like this, except perhaps Alana.

‘I need his gun,’ Jack says, voice flat and irritated.

Hannibal gently removes the gun from Will’s hand, a gesture that means Will ends up turning in and facing Hannibal, curling into his chest, arms now around his neck. Hannibal gives the gun to Jack.

‘Are you two actually together?’ Jack says, taking the gun.

‘That’s none of your concern. You have your man. You don’t need us any longer. I’ll take Will home, and we’ll call you in the morning.’

With that, Hannibal picks Will up in his arms easily. Will moans and nuzzles further into the comforting warmth of Hannibal’s chest as he’s carried away from the alley and Jack’s shouting.

Unexpected Heat

Chapter Summary

Will presses himself up as close to Hannibal as he can get. The alpha groans in arousal as his cock flinches to life. Will can feel the precum leaking on his thigh. ‘Please,’ Will begs, and Hannibal moans.

‘Are you sure?’ Hannibal asks.

Will moans as he’s getting hotter. Hannibal’s cock is almost fully hard, and slick is beginning to pool and leak in earnest from his hole. His mind is lost to need and want; he longs for Hannibal’s cock inside him again.

‘Yes, please, fuck me, I need you, too hot, please, fuck…it’s here alpha, I need you!’

Hannibal growls, and Will begins to whine as his eyes roll back in his head. He’s too hot. Sweat and slick are beginning to cover his body. Hannibal throws the covers from them, and Will instantly rolls onto his stomach, touching himself and arching his ass up into the air, spreading his legs. Hannibal moves so he’s knelt between Will’s legs and begins to stroke the curve of his ass, smearing the slick and sweat over his skin. Will feels every stroke of those large hands as they caress and massage him. He longs for them to find his hole as he continues to thrust into his hands.

Will wakes in his bed. He realises this as his sheets are not as soft as Hannibal’s. He can feel them now against his skin before he even opens his eyes. He can also see Franklyn’s face behind his closed eyes, and it makes him groan. Then there are strong arms, holding him, warmth and heat, skin, a lot of skin. Chaste, comforting kisses on his neck. He opens his eyes and looks up at Hannibal staring down at him.

‘Are you alright?’ the alpha asks.

‘You brought me home?’

‘Yes, I saw to the dogs. They’re all sleeping in the front room. Alana instructed me on their care. You’ve nothing to worry about. Just rest.’

‘Thank you,’ Will says as Hannibal continues to pepper kisses down the column of Will’s neck.

‘It’s my pleasure.’

‘What about Jack?’

‘He can wait, close your eyes, rest,’ Hannibal says, and Will takes a deep breath. ‘I killed him, your patient… he was coming after you...’

‘You were defending me. Thank you for that. I’m just so glad he didn’t hurt you. I’m not sure what I would have done.’

‘Jack wanted a statement….’ Will says, vaguely remembering Jack at the scene, disapproving face and voice.

‘I told him to wait,’ Hannibal says.

‘He knows, I guess, about us?’ Will asks, opening his eyes once more and shifting so he faces Hannibal, who strokes a gentle hand through Will’s hair.

‘He does, suspect, but it doesn’t matter, not right now,’ Hannibal kisses Will’s forehead, which he’s aware is warmer than it should be.

‘My heat,’ Will moans, realising what’s happening.

‘I suspect the trauma and shock speeded it up. You were due one?’

‘Not for another week,’ Will moans. He feels odd, as if he’s floating outside of his body. His legs are weak even though he’s led down, his stomach is in knots, and his skin is too hot. This isn’t what it normally feels like. His thoughts are fractured. It’s hard to hold on to anything.

‘The shock will make this a hard one; your body is at war with itself. It needs to feel safe. This is why I brought you home. Familiar surroundings will help ground you.’

Will looks up at the alpha’s eyes, his breathing relaxes, and he can feel himself starting to calm down a little. ‘I know what else would help,’ Will says and smiles.

‘What?’

‘If you were inside me,’ Will says.

‘You are incorrigible,’ Hannibal says, but Will knows the alpha wants it just as much as he does.

Will presses himself up as close to Hannibal as he can get. The alpha groans in arousal as his cock flinches to life. Will can feel the precum leaking on his thigh. ‘Please,’ Will begs, and Hannibal moans.

‘Are you sure?’ Hannibal asks.

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'Fuck, Alpha! Please, oh god, please!' Will whines as Hannibal continues to caress him.

'I want to taste you first, omega, put my tongue inside, make you beg for me. You want to beg for me?'

'Yes! Please, please, alpha, please, please!'

The next thing Will feels is strong hands parting his cheeks and a warm, hot tongue licking a stripe from his balls up over his leaking hole. He moans and thrusts into his hands more. Hannibal plunges his tongue inside Will, relentless in its need to taste him. The alpha laps and sucks until Will is lost to bliss. An orgasm rolls from him, and he comes over his hands. Hannibal keeps going, licking and sucking, kissing every inch of his hole. Will is so wet and hot now it makes him whimper.

'Please!' Will begs. He's not even sure what he's begging for right now. He just needs more, more of everything Hannibal is doing. He can feel a finger inside him, pressing against his prostate, he comes again, painfully.

'Such a good wet omega for me, dripping, look at you, you're desperate for me, for your alpha, tell me, how much you want me,' Hannibal says and presses two fingers inside Will, softly massaging him. It's too slow, too much and wonderfully perfect all at the same time.

'Yes, I want to feel you, you're so big, you're the biggest I've ever had, I want you, I need your massive cock, I need you to fuck me until I bleed, I need you!'

'Such a good omega for me, such a sweet boy, I'll do everything you ask, fill you to bursting with my seed. I need you too. I want to take such good care of you. I want to make sure you want for nothing.'

Will whimpers and pushes back against Hannibal's fingers, so they press even harder inside him.

'Ah! Fuck, oh please, alpha, yes, alpha, I need you!'

'Sweet boy, you'll have me, look at you pushing back, so perfect how you stretch for me, how you take me!'

Will moans loudly and pushes back more. 'Yes! Everything, please, so empty, I need you!'

Hannibal caresses Will's slicked buttocks with his spare hand before removing it, and Will cranes his head around just enough to see the alpha stroke himself. Precum leaks and lands

on Will's hole, hot, thick and wet. Will whimpers as Hannibal smears the cum over Will's hole as his fingers are still pressed inside.

'Come on me, please, alpha, all over me, cover me!'

'You are so perfect, so perfect for me,' Hannibal moans and comes onto Will's already very wet ass. The alpha smears the cum all over Will, so he's dripping, pressing some inside with a third finger.

Hannibal seemingly cannot resist for a moment longer. The alpha removes his fingers before plunging his entire cock inside Will in one wet, hard push.

Will groans, grasping the pillow with his hands. 'Fuck!' Will cries as Hannibal begins to move his hips, hard and fast. He can hear the snap of them. He feels so stretched and full. He wants this never to end. His heat is fogging his brain now. He can barely feel anything past this, the push and thrust of Hannibal's hips. The wonderful slide and stretch of that huge alpha cock.

'Will!' Hannibal shouts. The grip on his hips gets even harder. He can feel the slick from Hannibal's fingers mixing with the sweat on his skin.

It doesn't take long until Hannibal comes inside Will, filling him up even more. Cum presses against the inner walls of his passage, leaking out a little. The last thing Will hears before he passes out is Hannibal growling his name.

***

Will wakes to soft sunlight filtering in through the threadbare curtains and Hannibal still inside him. The alpha spoons him from behind and kisses his neck, small love bites sucking and biting at tendons. Hannibal is still inside Will, his knot has deflated a little, but his cock is still rock hard and pressed up against Will's prostate. The alpha gently rolls his hips, thrusting inside Will. He vaguely wonders how long Hannibal has been doing this. Then he doesn't care and wishes he could wake up like this every morning.

'Mmm, alpha,' Will moans as Hannibal's thrusts become more enthusiastic.

'Omega, I need you. I'll never leave you.'

'Please, stay with me, here in this bed, inside me, forever,' Will whines as he pushes back, the stretch painful but glorious.

Hannibal's hand stokes down Will's chest, pinching a nipple before finding his cock, wrapping those delicate but strong fingers around the shaft. Will thrusts into Hannibal's hand.

'I love your little cock, sweet omega. Come for me, please,' Hannibal growls into Will's neck.

Will whines, closing his eyes. He's lost once more to pleasure and comes all over Hannibal's hand.

‘Stay here, please,’ Will whines, opening his eyes and looking up at Hannibal.

‘I’ll never leave. You’re mine now, my beautiful, perfect omega.’

‘Knot me, please!’ Will begs, and Hannibal growls again, biting at Will’s neck before pushing his knot inside.

Will cries out at the painful stretch, but Hannibal keeps going until the alpha is fully inside, and Will moans in relief at feeling the fullest he’s ever felt. Just before he drifts off again, he thinks this is all he ever wants.

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Now that Will is back at work, his post-coital glow is beginning to leave him as the reality of everyday life begins to set in. He assumes Jack will probably want to talk to him as it was pretty clear he and Hannibal were now together. He doesn’t want to talk to Jack about it. Of course, the first person he sees is Jack.

‘Will,’ Jack says. ‘Good to have you back. I hope you’ll be able to find time to give me your statement?’

Straight to business then, Will thinks. ‘Already emailed,’ Will says. He managed to do it this morning while Hannibal was in the shower before he joined him. ‘Hannibal’s too.’

‘Wonderful, wonderful,’ Jack says as he ushers Will into his office. ‘So, how are you feeling?’

‘Better, thank you, the trauma triggered my heat a little early,’ Will says. He doesn’t remember much about leaving the opera, only Hannibal’s strong arms carrying him.

‘You spent your heat with Hannibal?’ Jack asks, his voice trying to sound casual.

‘Yes, I don’t want to talk about it. Whatever is happening between us is between us,’ Will says, feeling drained already.

‘Of course, maybe you could pop down to the lab. I believe Bev has a few things for you to clear up about the case.’

‘Will do, first, my class though, if you don’t mind, I’m going to be late,’ Will says and goes to leave the room.

‘We’ll have to talk about you seeing another therapist if you and Hannibal are, well, in a relationship.’

Will stops at the door and turns around. He can imagine how Hannibal would react to this news. ‘Have you mentioned this to Hannibal?’

‘No, I thought I’d speak to you, first, it can wait, though,’ Jack says, and Will smiles.

‘He won’t like it,’ Will says. ‘I can tell you that much.’

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Will manages to leave Jack’s office and make his way to his class. He yawns as he gets there. All the energy he used over the last few days is starting to catch up to him. He stops and gets a coffee from the machine, hoping that will help. The class is full, and they’re all glad to see him again. Attentive smiles and adoring looks abound. He goes through the motions as if on autopilot. He should have got more sleep, he thinks.

When it’s over and the students finally all pile out of the hall, he sits down on his chair, removes his glasses, rubs his eyes and yawns. Where is all that energy he had a few hours ago? It’s like he has been hit by a bus. He wonders if Hannibal feels the same right now. With great effort, he gets his phone from his bag and checks his messages. There is a missed call from Hannibal. That’s strange. He has back-to-back patients this morning. He goes to call back, but Bev appears.

‘Hey stranger,’ she says, perching on the edge of the desk. ‘I could tell from all the lovesick students roaming the halls you were back.

Will sighs. Bev is convinced all of the student body is in love with him, something he vehemently denies. ‘Funny,’ Will says, rubbing his eyes again. His head hurts, and his eyes won’t focus. He needs to get some sleep.

‘You ok? You look a little pale?’

‘I think I’m just tired. I didn’t get a lot of sleep these past few days.’

Bev laughs. ‘So, I heard. Should have tried to fake set you two up earlier.’

‘Yeah,’ Will says. The room is spinning even though he’s sitting down. He’s too hot but also shivering. Maybe he’s coming down with something. ‘You got any aspirin?’

‘Seriously, Will, you look like crap. Maybe you should go home,’ Bev says, standing up and walking around to him. The last thing he feels is her hand on his head, then blackness.

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He wakes in Hannibal’s bed, surrounded by heat, the alpha cradles him closely. They are both naked and entwined completely under heavy covers. He moans as he feels Hannibal’s lips press against his scent gland.

‘Hannibal? What happened?’ Will manages to look up into those deep, red pools of Hannibal’s eyes.

‘You passed out,’ the alpha replies, nipping Will’s neck. ‘I could feel you were fading, and you didn’t answer your phone.’

‘You could feel me?’

‘Yes, my love, I’m afraid we bonded. I knew you needed me. I felt a great need, desperation and longing for you that hurt every bone in my body. So, I drove to the academy to find you had passed out, so I took you back here.’

‘When did we? How did we?’

‘You experienced a trauma just before you went into your full heat, so I imagine you bonded with me on instinct. I remember feeling a great need to protect you, claim you and well… we’re bonded now. If we are to part, we would need to wean ourselves from each other, a long and painful process.’

‘Is that what you want?’ Will says, heart in his throat.

A hand strokes his face. ‘No, my love, no. You’re mine now, and I’m yours. The rest we can figure out as we go. I just know we cannot be apart for very long.’

‘Jack is going to love this,’ Will laughs.

‘It was his idea we date.’

‘Yeah, I am sure if you remind him of that, all will be forgiven.’

End Notes

Kudos are the way Will's eyes widen when he finally sees just how large Hannibal is and comments are the blissed-out moans Hannibal makes when Will manages to take all of him inside that talented omegan hole!

Thank you and don't forget to give rotten tiger some love.

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